The Woozlebeasts

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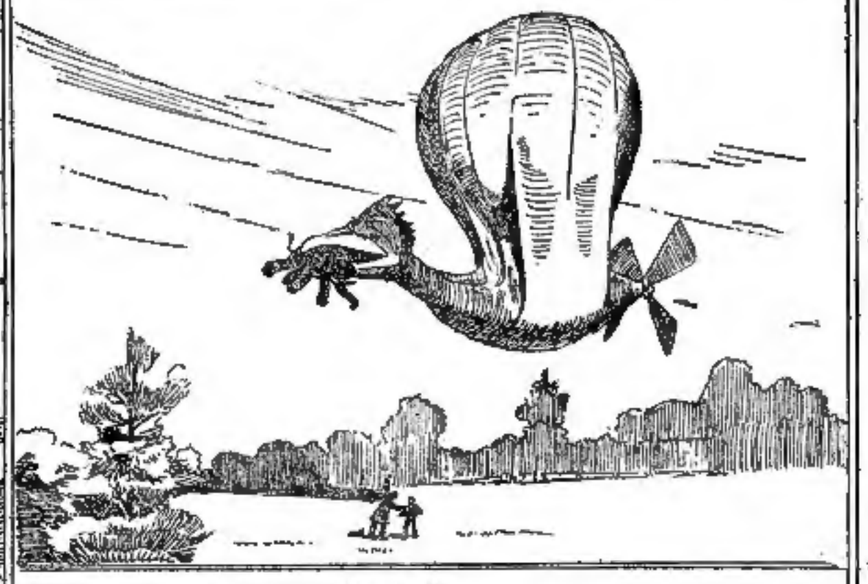
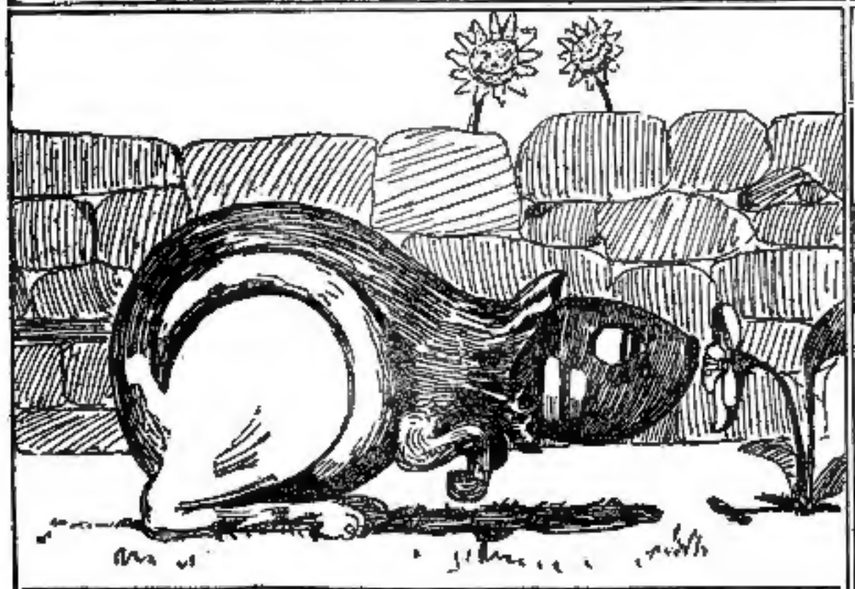
The amphibious young of the Phee
Never like their first voyage at sea.
In the way that the tides affect their insides
They are painfully like you and me

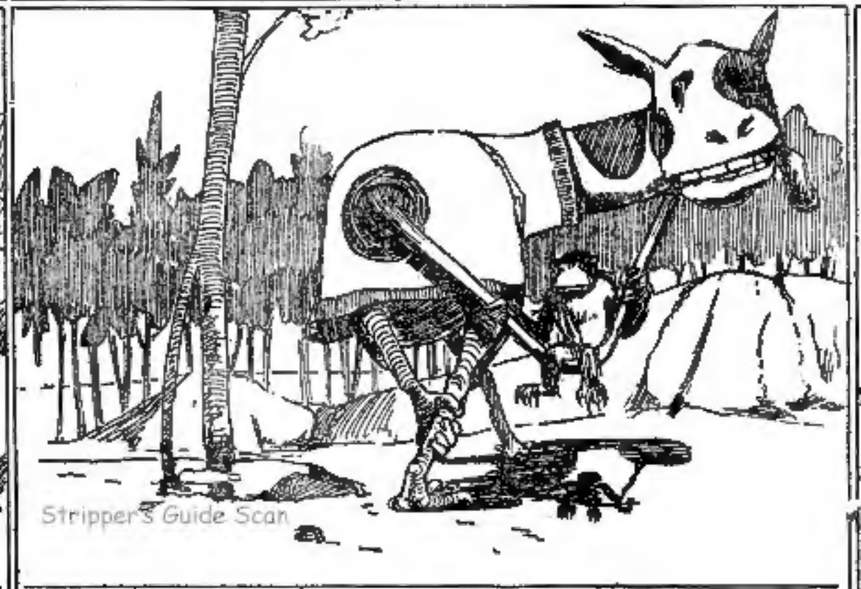


The elephant eating Gorinna
Takes a whole one each day for his dinner,
Then he eats about half of a good fat giraffe—
Even so, he gets thinner and thinner.

In the Philippine Islands the Gumps
Lie in wait behind bushes and stumps.
When hunters come near they fill them with fear
By their half human hops, skips and jumps.

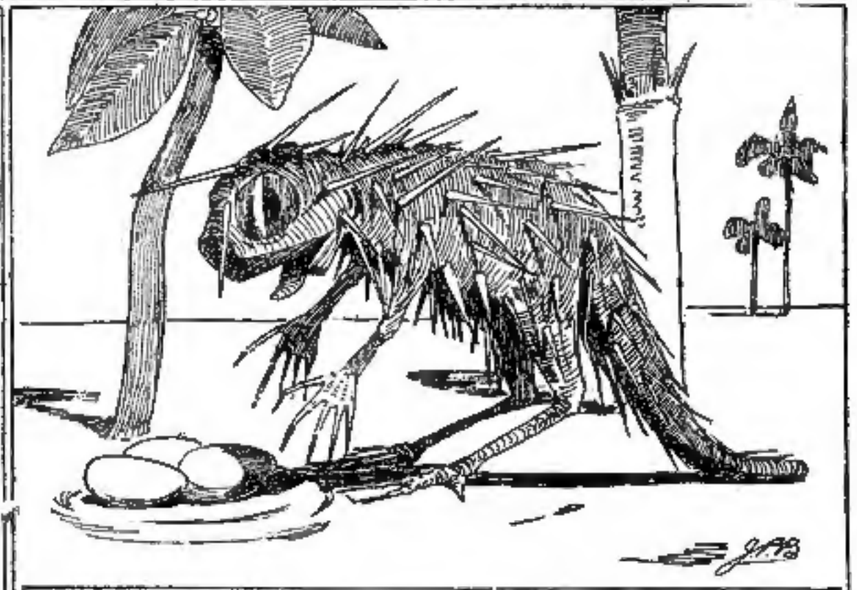


The strange little sensitive Kale
At first sight resembles a snail,
But the queer spiral thing that looks like a ring
Is really the animal's tail.



Stripper's Guide Scan

The monkeys' best friend, the Botong,
Does nothing but play all day long.
He can make them a swing or any old thing,
He's so clever and patient and strong.



The Egsteela, fond of a feast,
Is the prickliest kind of a beast.
Where the white ostrich nests is the place he infests.
Is he handsome? Oh, not in the least.

The Woozlebeasts

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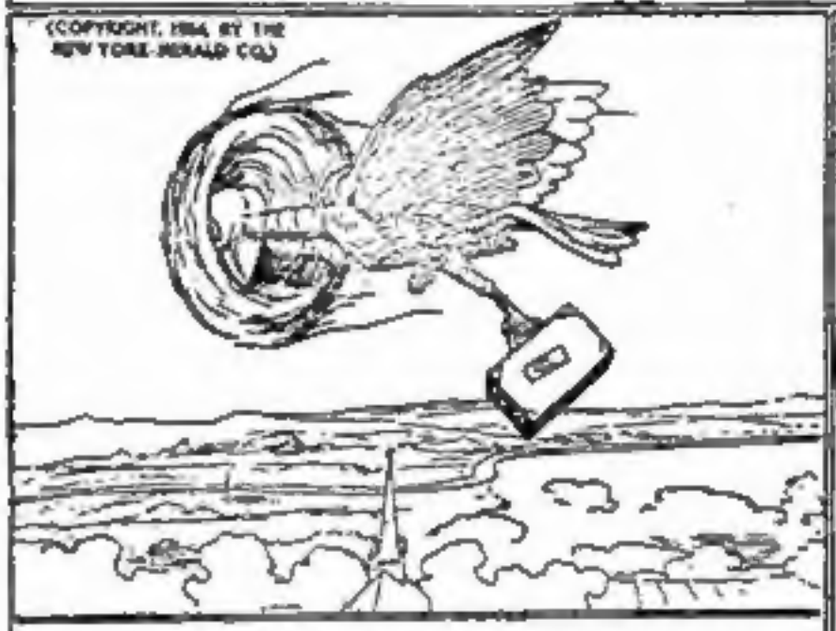
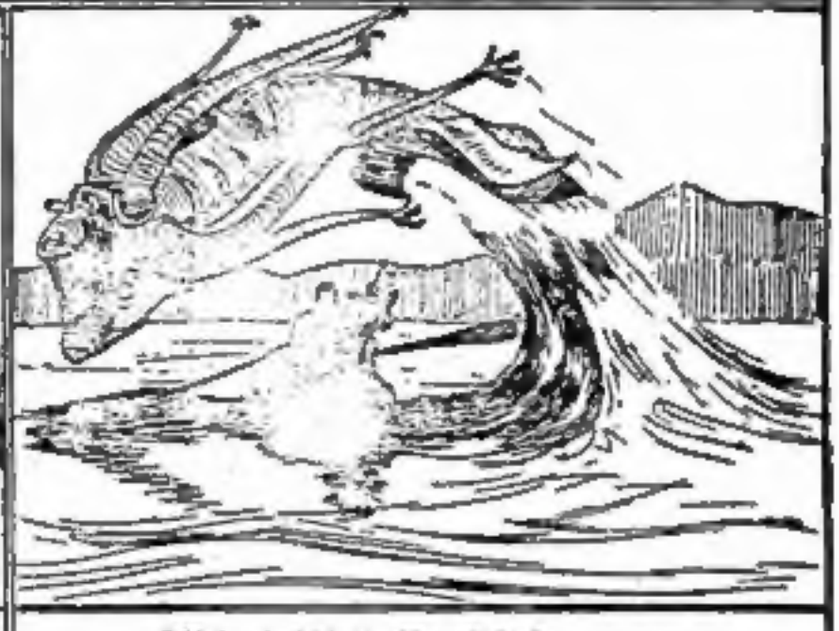
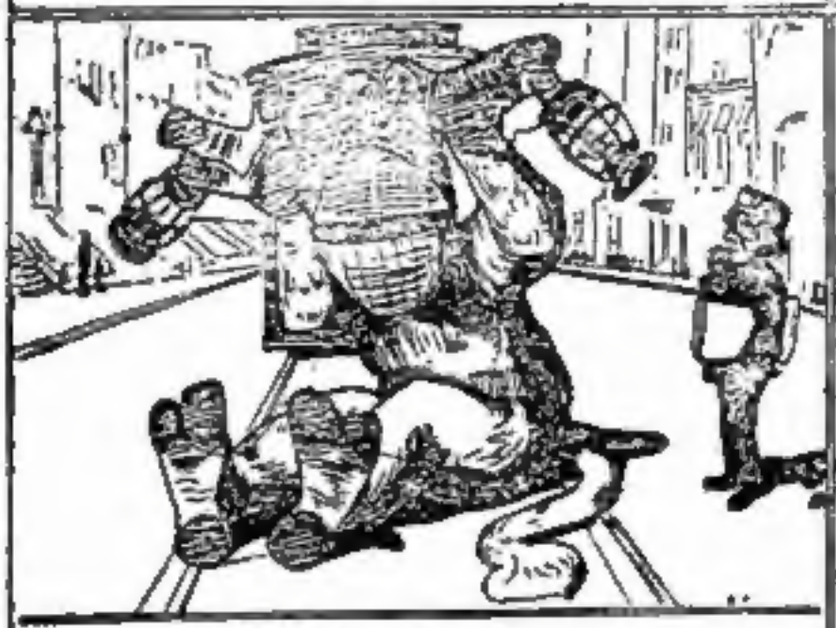


Thus with nest on her head the Coloppa
Prevents herself getting a cropper;
It saves her from harm, but her principal charm
Is the fact that no power can stop her.

In the backwoods of Sweden the Great
Carries wood all day long by his lone.
A wishbone (for luck), which is used for a truck,
And the snowshoes and hat are his own.

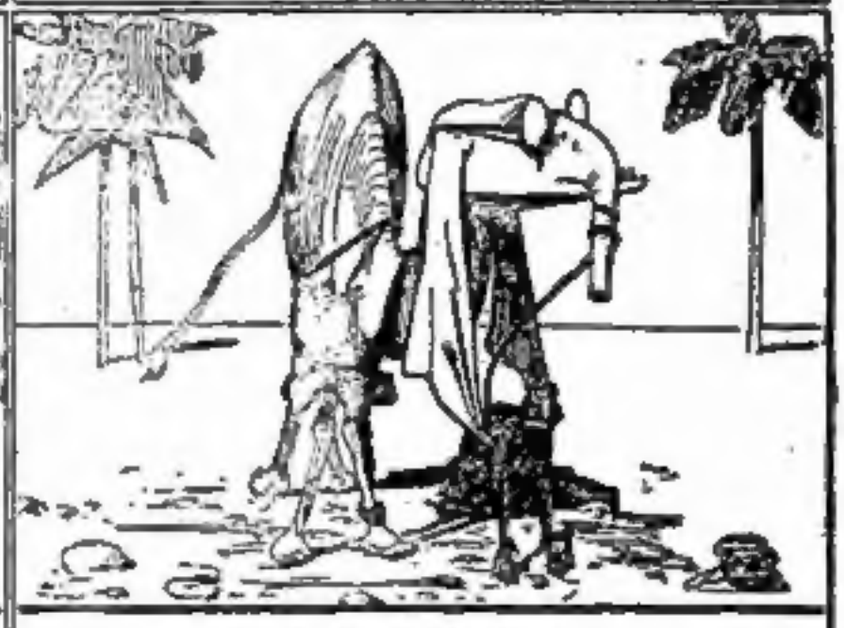


Said the playful but reckless old Phair,
"I will give that young couple a scare;"
And he didn't half try, but from sweet Marie's cry
He was sure he had startled the pair.



The utterly foolish Yaphan
Thinks because he can walk like a man
That he's acting like one when his idea of fun
Is to make all the trouble he can.

Instead of barbaric procession
King Oolah shows modern progression:
When he goes out to dine he takes the Pipe-Line,
And creates a most splendid impression.



"I am cross," said the flopulent Kroo;
"Yes, I am vexed and annoyed through and through;
When I ask them to cease they say, 'Go it, knock-knees.'
Now for goodness' sake what can I do?"

The Woozlepeetus

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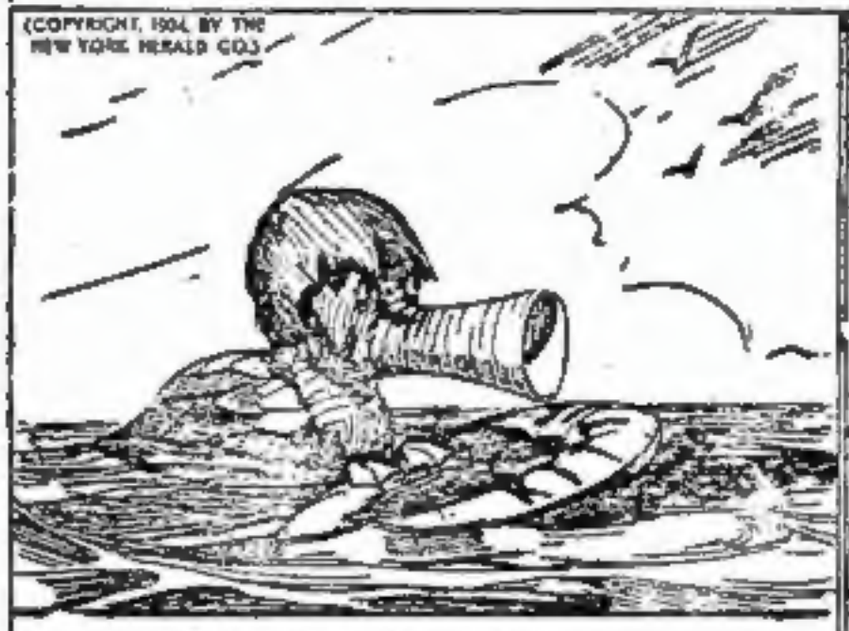
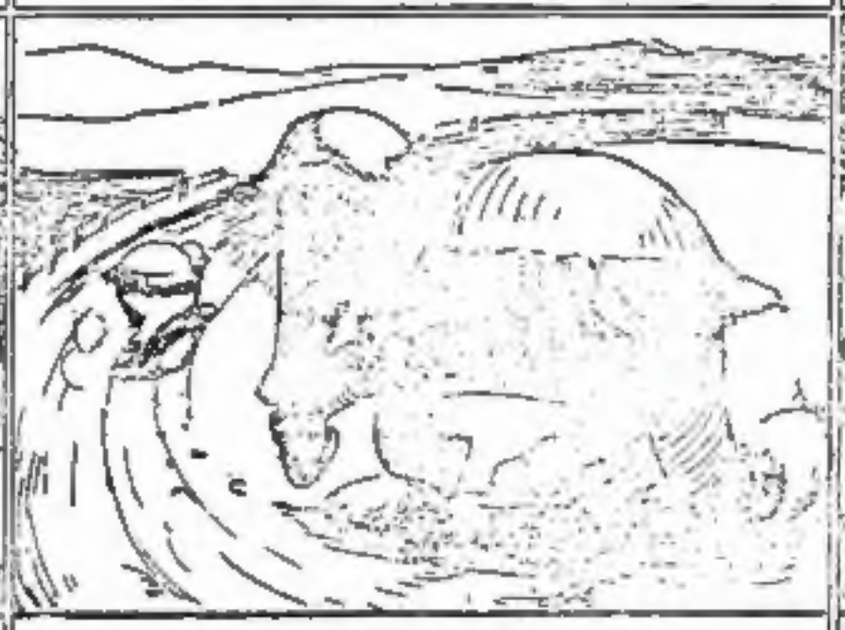


Said the water beast known as the Chunda,
"They say I'm a regular wonder
Just because I was born with a voice like a horn,
But to me it's unpleasant as thunder."

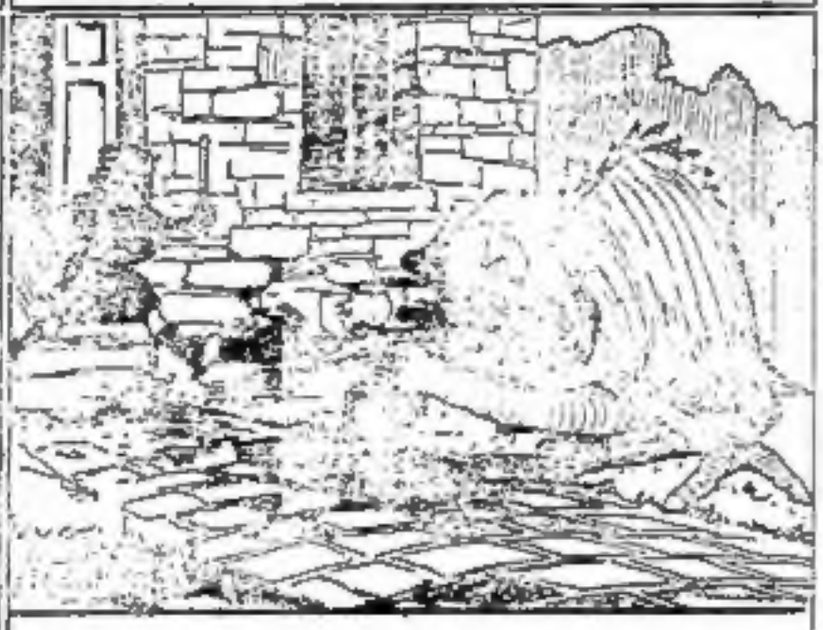
The torpedo-like hull of the Bazy
Must account for his straightforward ways. He
Can cut through the trees as if they were cheese
For getting through life he's a daisy.

The muscular Bleg of Nepaul
Can balance with ease and not fall;
He uses great care,-but you'd think from his air
It really was nothing at all.

Every one takes unnatural joy
In teasing the cowardly Ploy,
And to catch him like this is the acme of bliss.
Gentle friend were you never a boy?

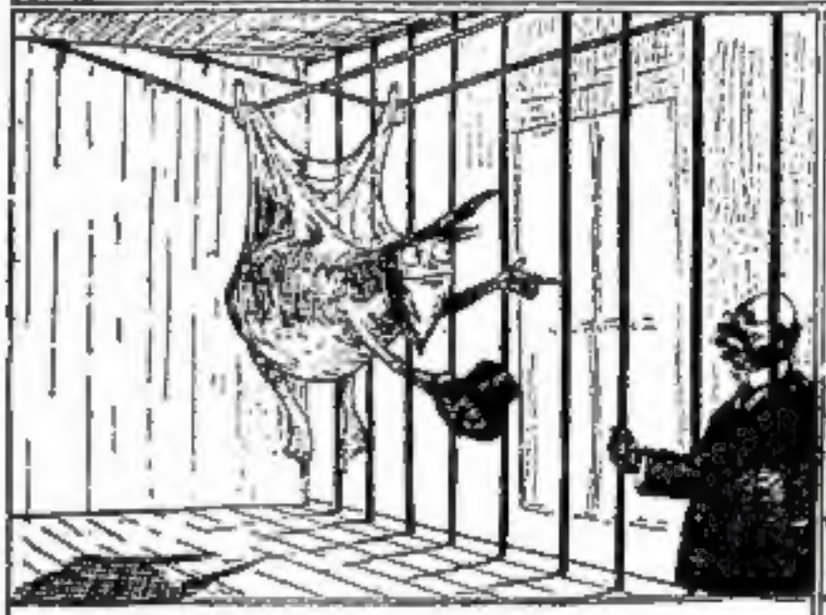


The Thatch, though the sketch may not show it,
Can trot in 8:12 and below it;
In a seven day race it can keep up the pace;
It's a pity more people don't know it.



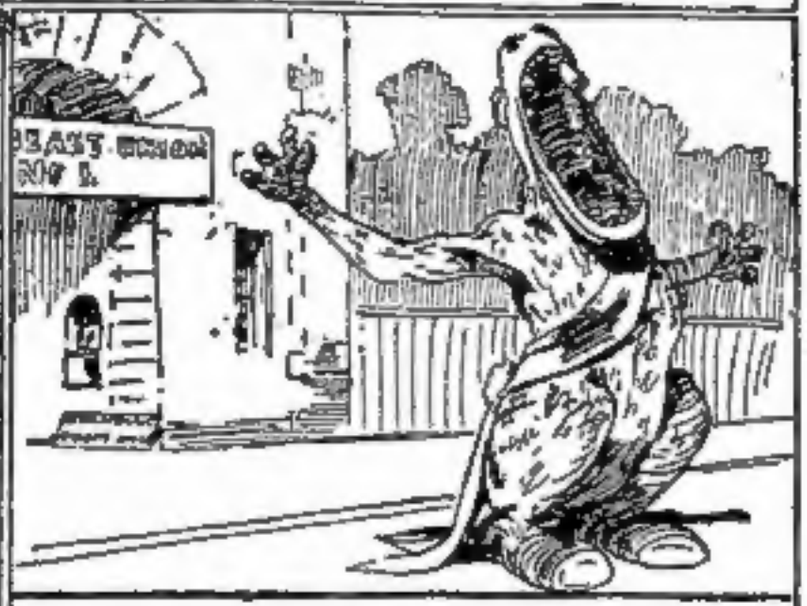
When he made butter-scotch, little Sandy
Put it out near the door, good and handy,
And forgot that the Dredge, that lives under the hedge,
Was abnormally partial to candy.

The Woozlebeasts

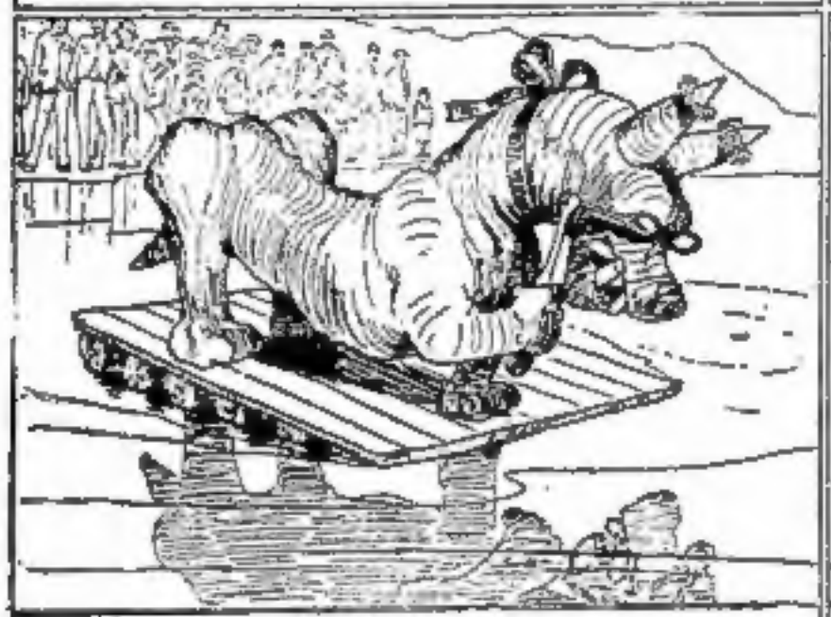


They have to suspend the old Zoombo!
On account of his mischief incurable.
He is hung by his skin, which is wonderfully thin
And elastic, but thoroughly durable.

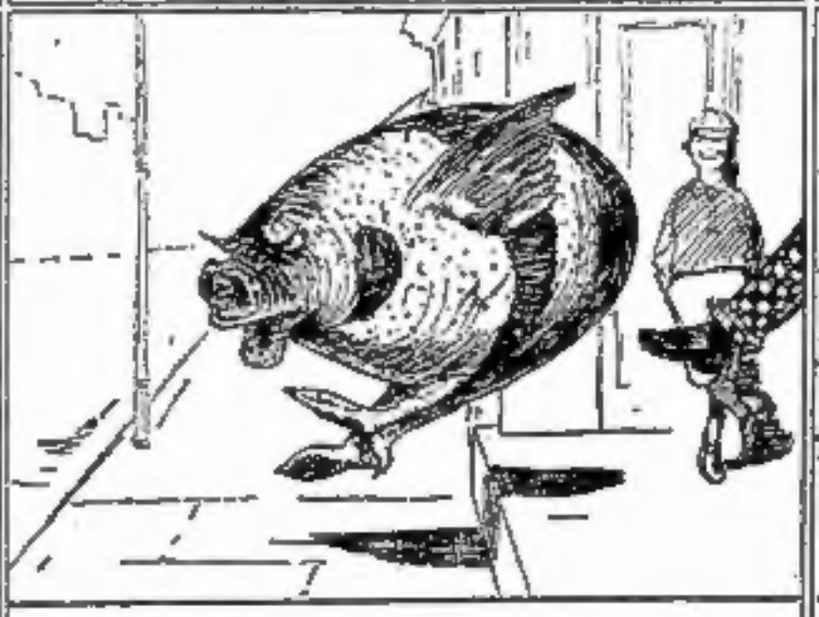
You behold here the corpulent Zembo
At the Woozlebeasts Union Assembly.
He is not phased at all by the crowd in the hall,
Though his legs feel a little bit trembly.



"I suppose I can't kick," said the Stuffem,
When he found the best places were taken,
"It is always my fate to be two hours late,
I'm so terribly hard to awaken."



When the vain Wuzzy Wuz became daft,
They floated her off on a raft;
And the crowd heard her say as she floated away,
"I'm a charmer," and everyone laughed.



"Here am I," said the talkative Stout,
"A trifle odd looking, no doubt.
Yet I've heard folks declare that I'm only hot air—
Do you wonder I'm feeling put out?"

Said the Gatt to Si Hopkins, "Oh, Si!
You look scared and disturbed: tell me why.
When you meet, Si, a Gatt, always take off your hat,
Don't be awkward and clumsy and shy."

The Wozzlebeasts

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The Kak, made of leather and hay,
Is a very odd beast in its way;
It travels so fast that its stitches don't last,
And it has to be patched every day.

The fatherly, short legged Wunn
Keeps guard o'er its nest with a gun.
Intelligent? Yes: but it's easy to guess
That it isn't much good on the run.

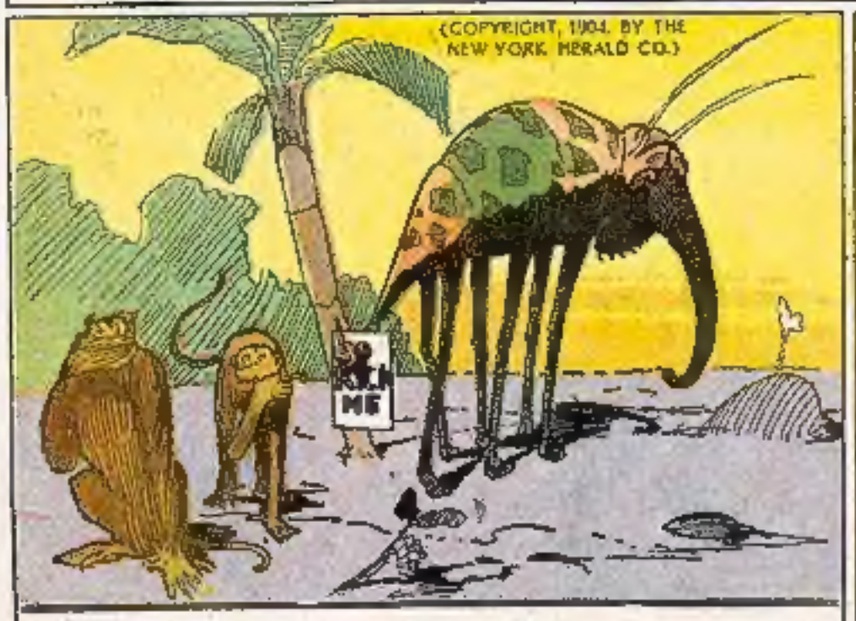
The white, woolly, goatlike Ko-Hott
Is prized by the Ahkound of Swat,
Who keeps it indoors to mop up the floors
It looks sort of fierce, but it's not.

The crafty and thievish Degust
(A creature that nobody'll trust)
Remarks, "When I see such a fine fricassee
I feel I must get it or bust."

When the naturalist saw a Bozalla
He said, "It's a find, this mammalia.
If there only were more I would turn pedicure
And regard my past life as a failure."

That African biped, the Laim,
So exceedingly fond of a game,
Is so lacking in wit it takes both to be it;
But they're plenty of fun, just the same.

The Woozlebeasts



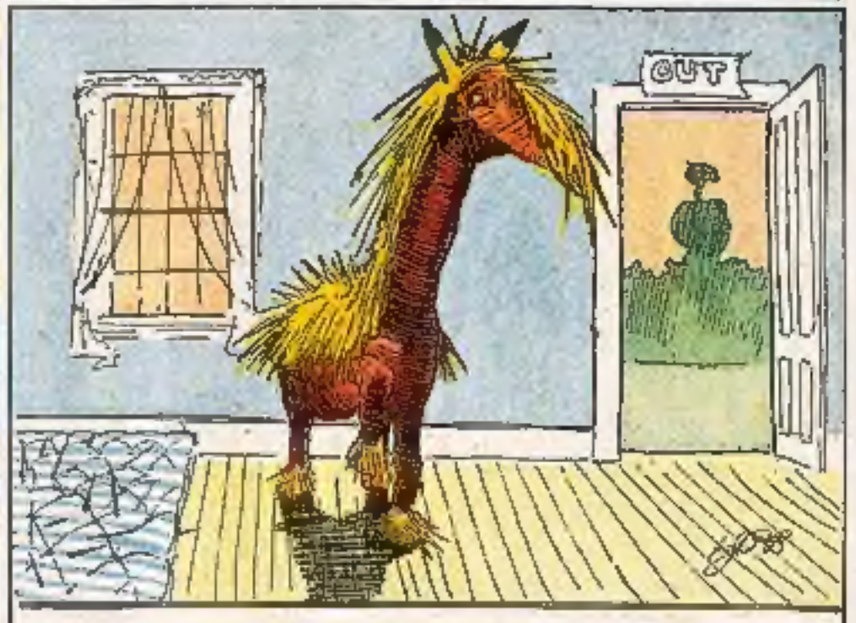
"Just because I am queer," said the Mutt,
"They make me a regular butt.
I'm treated this way six or eight times a day;
I'll get angry some time, and that's what."

The telephone people out West
Say the Tappar's a regular pest;
He gets all the news without paying the dues—
He likes long distance messages best.

Said Ali, uncorking the phial:—
"That's the trouble with Genii, they spile:
They are awful at first, this one's over its worst,
You'll get used to it after a while."

The funniest thing is the Slo—
An animal few of us know—
The quick backward kick is his popular trick,
And is worth the whole price of the show.

The athletic Catamarantic
Can beat anything on the Atlantic,
Any object that floats, barring gasolene boats,
Is outclassed by his oarsmanship frantic.



A spiky old Pricklespine, shedding
His quills, got them mixed with his bedding:
He got through the day in a comfortable way,
But 'twas always the night he was dreading.

The Woozlebeasts

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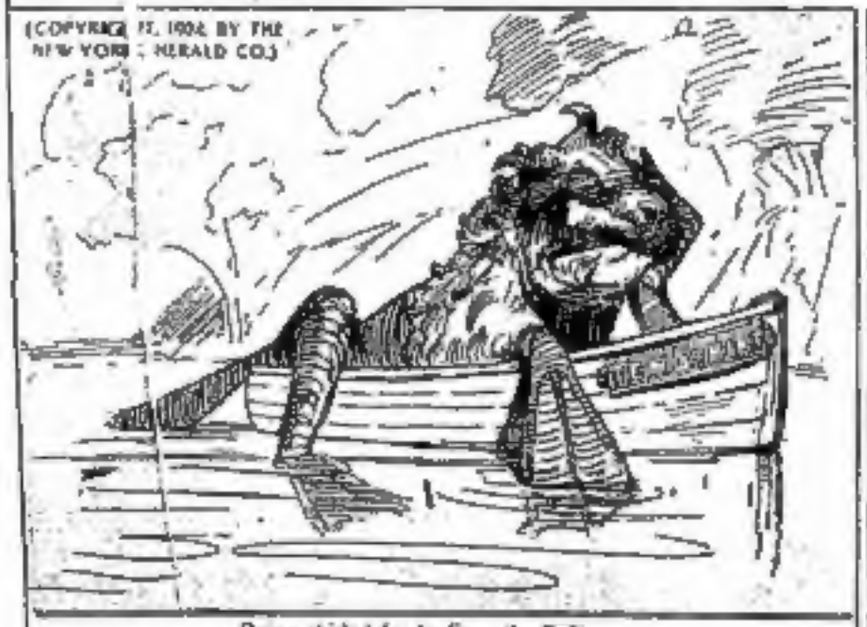
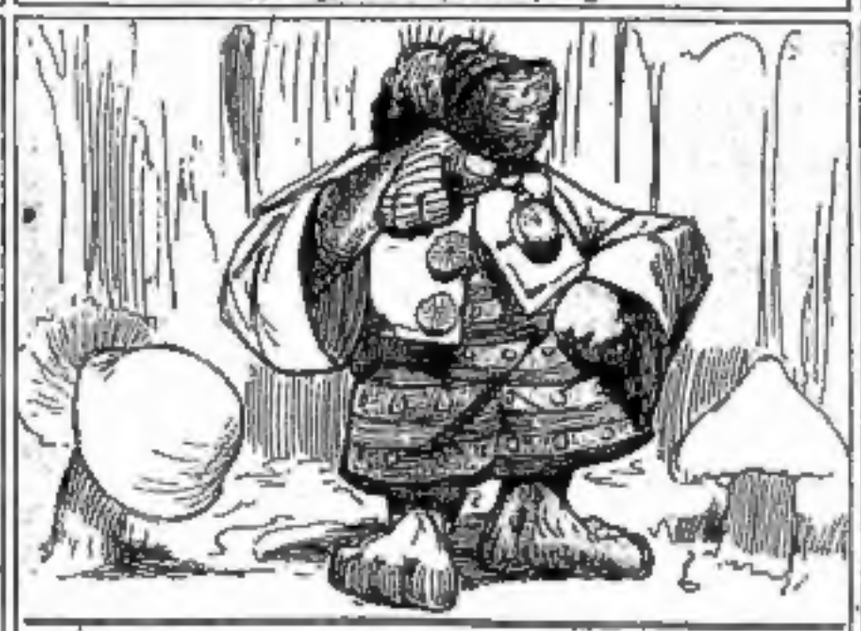


Being chided for loafing, the Bulk
Simply wiggled its paddles and laughed,
Saying, "Talk if you like of my being on strike,
I am working my own handy craft."

When that practical joker the Blowking
Cried "Help! help! you fellers, I'm choking,"
They observed his suspension, but paid no attention,
Supposing, of course, he was joking.

Said the Slake on the Fourth of July,
"I just feel that I'm going to die."
He hardly had spoke when he suddenly woke
Piece by piece in the Sweet By-and-By.

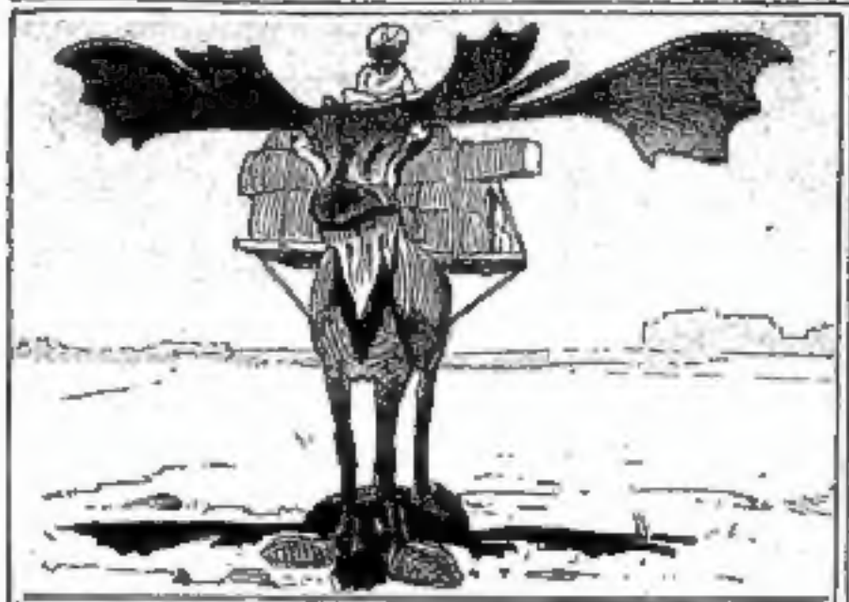
They have tried to prevent the Macdaw
Catching trout, thus defying the law.
They have time and again had to punish him when
They have captured him eating them raw.



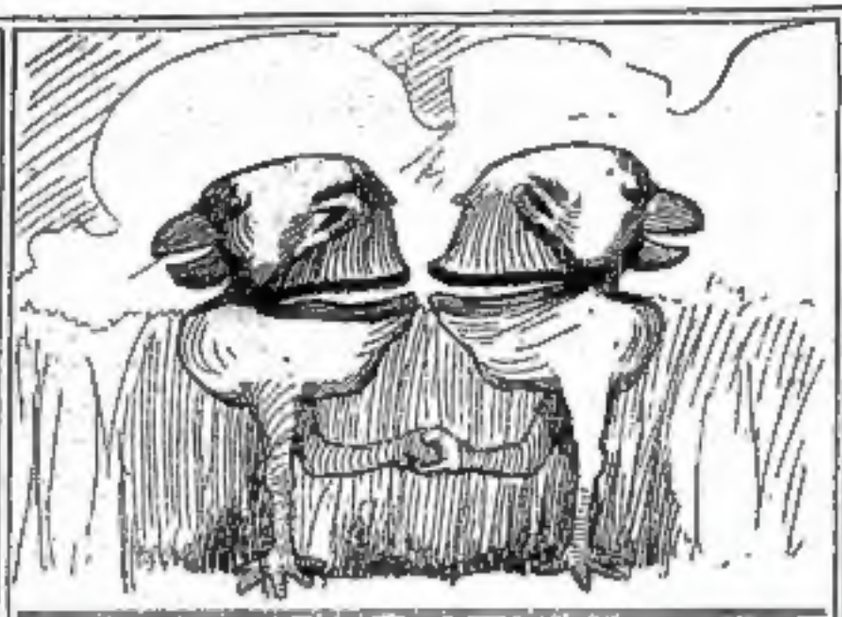
"I always have worn," said the Smaht,
"On my person some object of art.
I think you'll agree it's a good one on me,
This talisman over my heart."

Fellow yachtsmen, see how the Sowale
Keeps his eye on the leach of the sail;
Thus he leads the whole fleet with one foot on the sheet
And the other one grasping the rail.

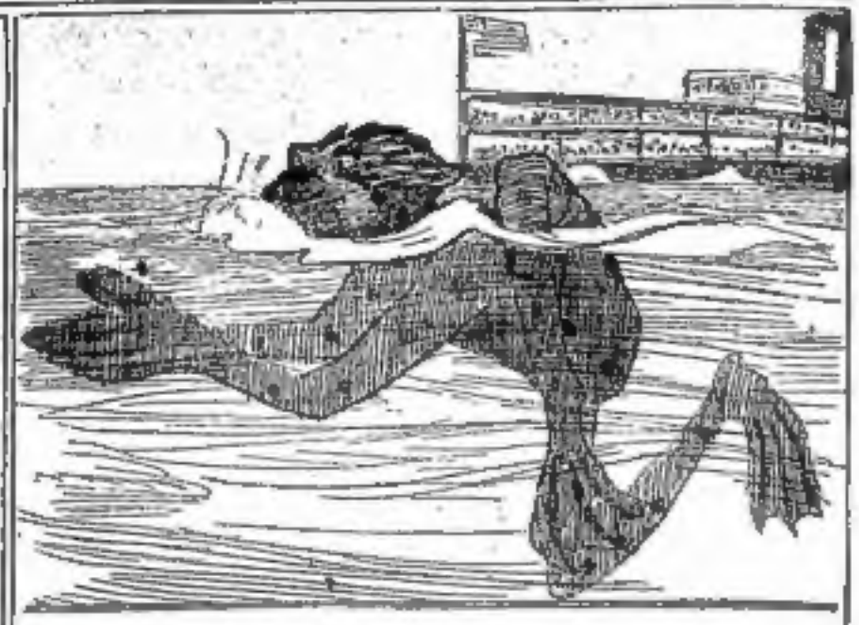
The Woozlebeasts



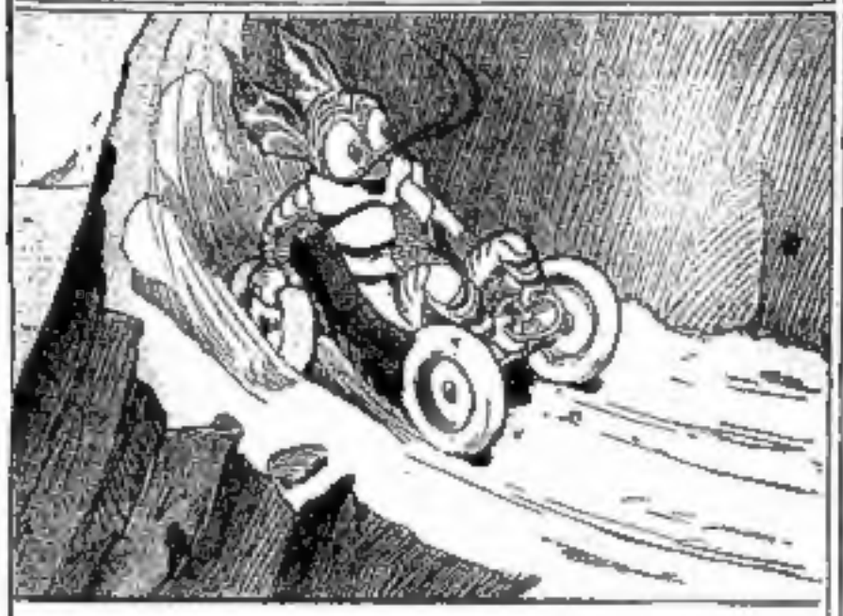
In Persia the overworked Jeigh
Travels hundreds of miles in a day;
He's the kind of a moose that can stand much abuse.
And they haven't an S. P. C. A.



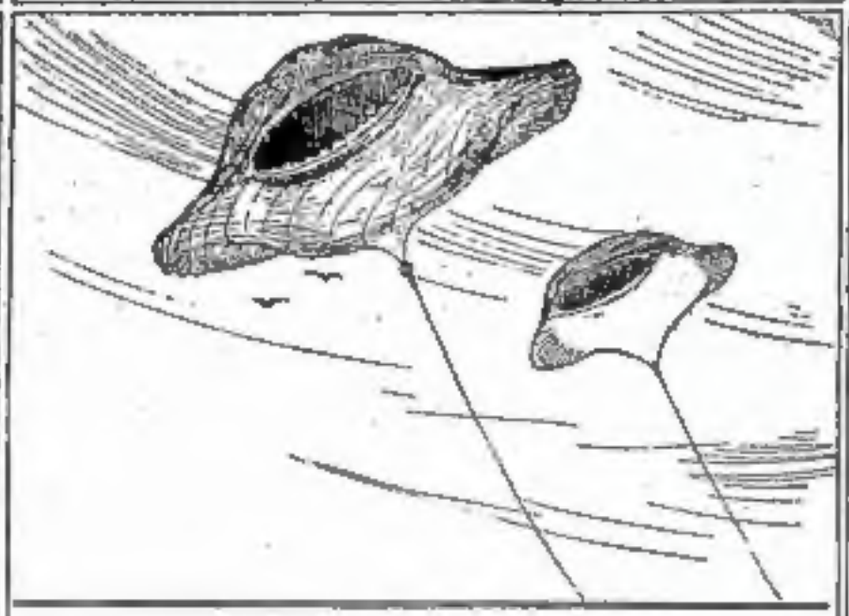
The Blace, with a cast in its eye,
Turns its profile when people go by;
When you first see a Blace you say "Which is its face?
It is not very hard to see why.



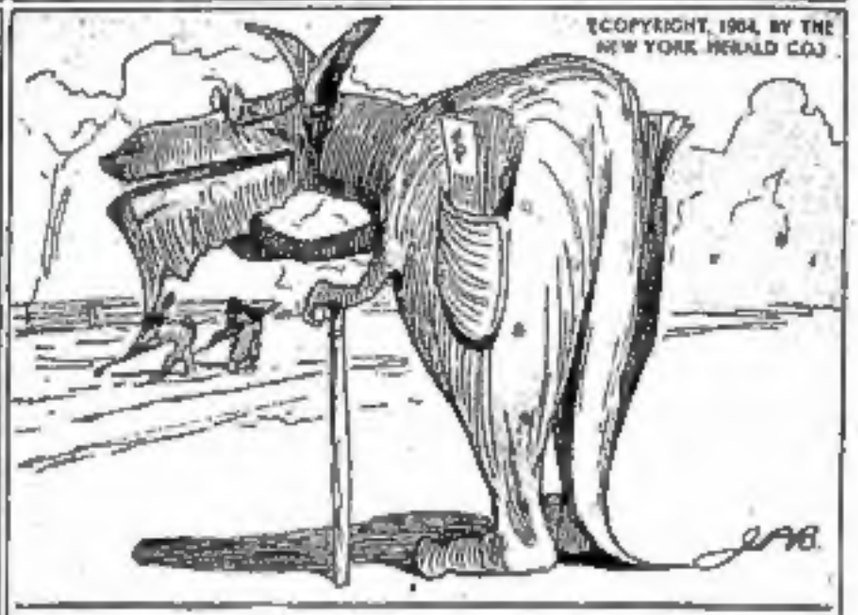
That noted sea racer, the Protz,
Can keep up with the swiftest of yachts.
In a race down the bay with the Monmouth, they say,
He did better than twenty-four knots.



Here's a shot at the talented Skweel.
In his own special automobile,
Showing not only nerve as he swings round the curve,
But his perfect control of the wheel.



Those who own the colossal Tospare
Keep them tethered and fed on fresh air;
If the rope were to break by some awful mistake
They could never alight anywhere



Said the Ayseed, and none can deny it
"I could work, were I really to try it.
But what is the use? Others have an excuse.
I have none, and I like to keep quiet."

The Woozlebeasts

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The Bagabag loves to parade
With the glass ninety-six in the shide.
Nature makes him this way; but his clothing so gay
Was procured at a shop, ready made.

It is hard to deliver a poem
On a difficult thing like the Ho'im.
If any old Geezy could make one come easy
T would be a distinction to know him.

The Jinns are the people who know
How to make the old Skagelog go.
Here you see a young Jinn going out for a spin
But white folk would say it was slow.

One alone of the noisy Ogowd
By himself makes a pretty good crowd.
On account of his speech—half a yell, half a screech—
He is more or less under a cloud.

The leisurely leather faced Boshun
Of fear hasn't even notion.
When you meet one, close range, there's a marvellous change
Comes over the face of the ocean.

The ease-loving Hooka, care free,
With his leg hoisted over his knee,
Can be told by his air, which is devil-may-care,
And his notably quick repartee.

The Woozlebeasts

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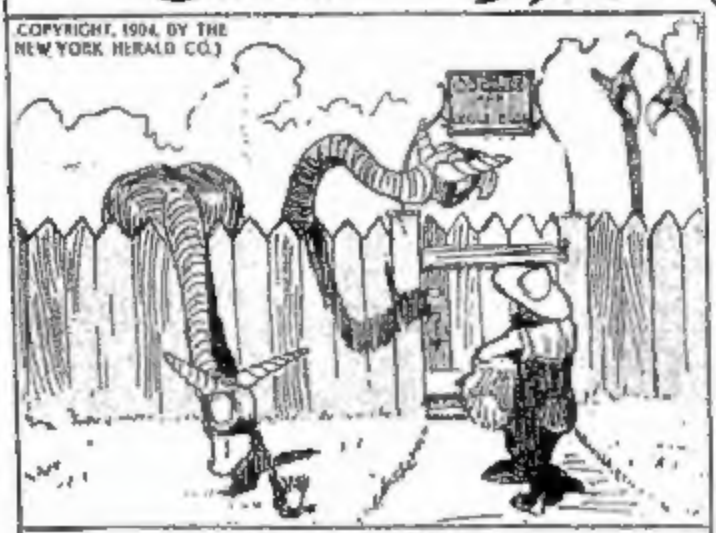
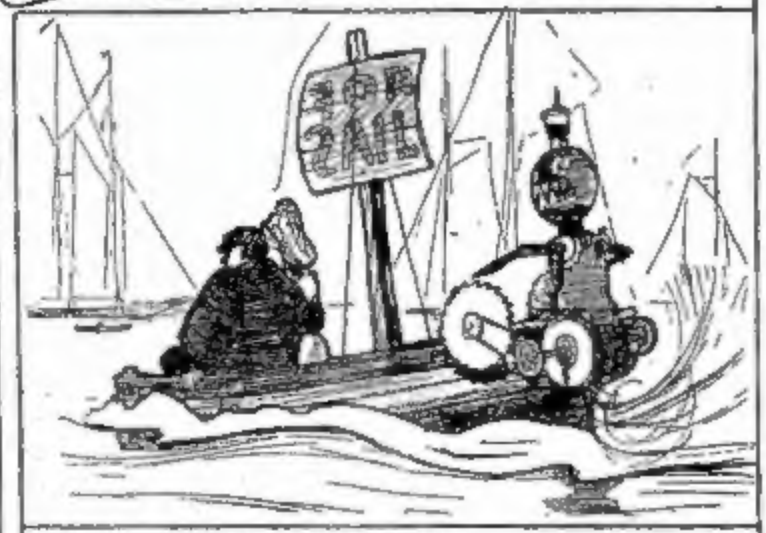
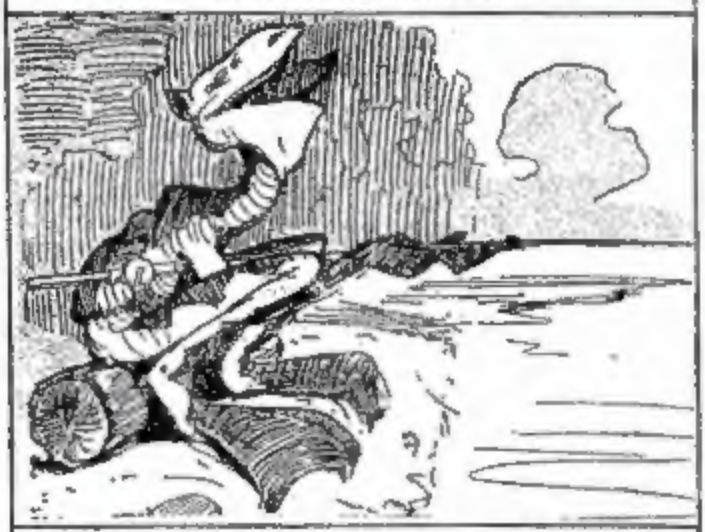


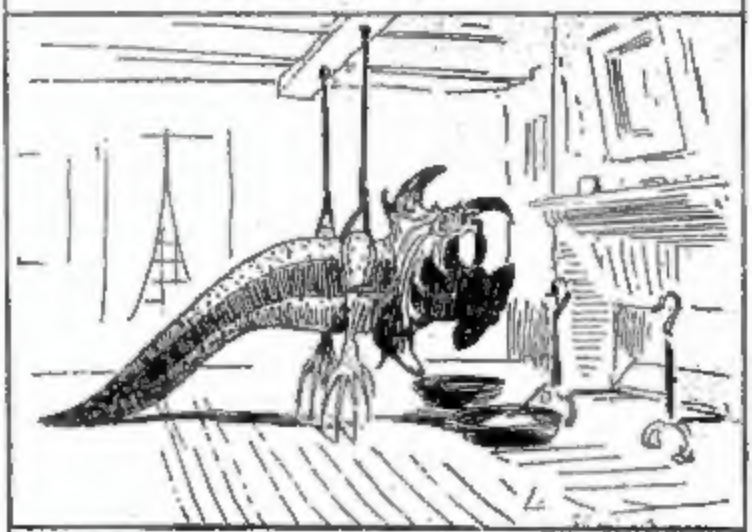
It's a fact that an Ougle farm pays;
Anyhow, that's what every one says.
But you mustn't get shy if a few of them die,
For they're difficult creatures to raise.



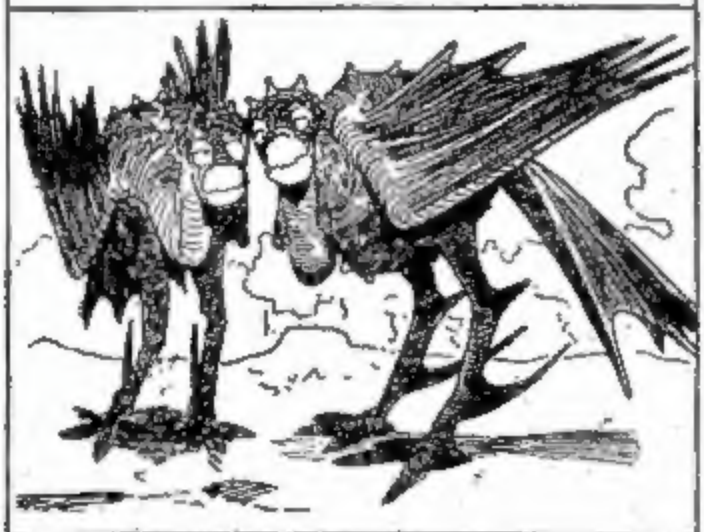
If your lot has been cast by the sea
You certainly know the Ogea.
He governs the yawl with his rackets and gawl,
And is sold with a year's guarantee.



They say if you study the Crute
It's an excellent thing for the brute,
For his freedom from care can't be matched anywhere,
And is certain to cheer and amuse.



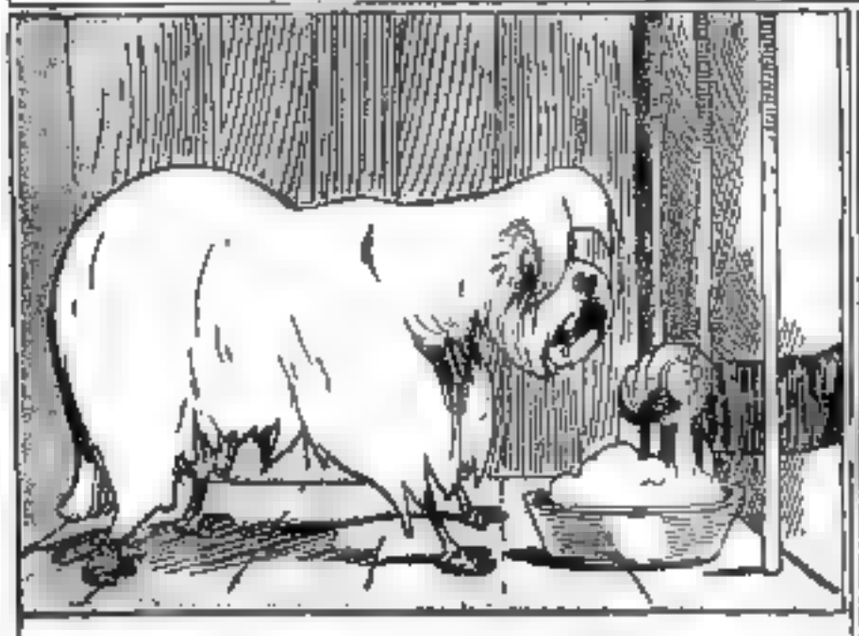
The Pegalong hangs from a beam,
And is pampered with sugar and cream.
He could not live an hour on anything sour,
So his life is a beautiful dream.



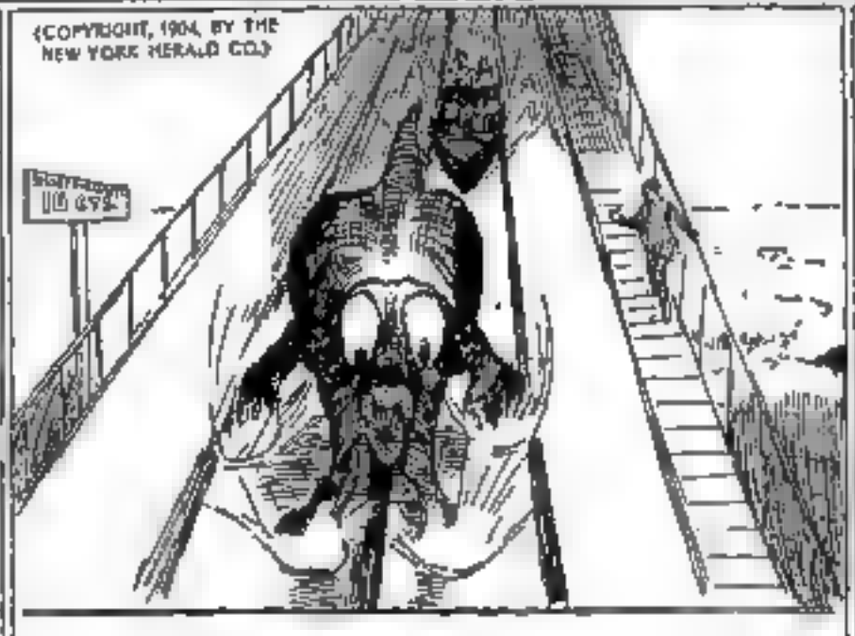
It is not many years since Crunt
Were so numerous in the Levant
That they caught them in herds. "Now these wonderful birds
Are the only two copies extant.

When Elijah Montgomery Tree
Was chased by a figamaree,
He remarked, "Without those Old Colonial clothes
The jig would have been up with me."

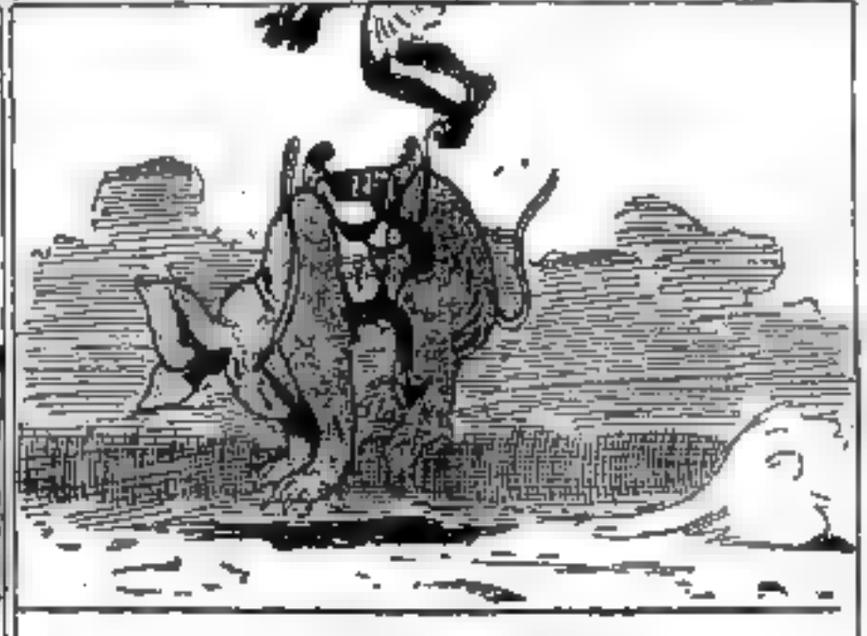
The Woozlobeasts.



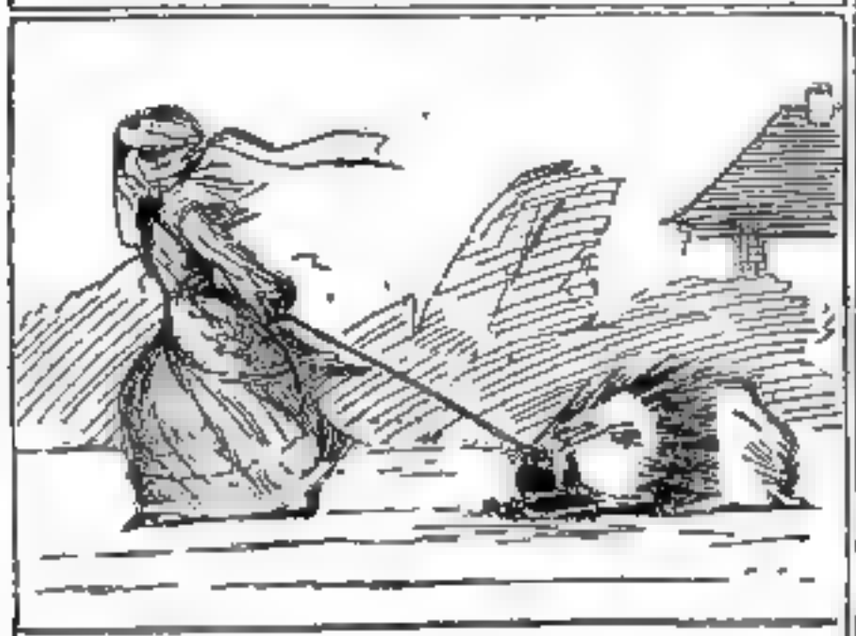
The coat of the Bair looks like snow.
As he lives on tooth powder and dough.
This seems curious fare to give to a Bair
But no other fodder will go.



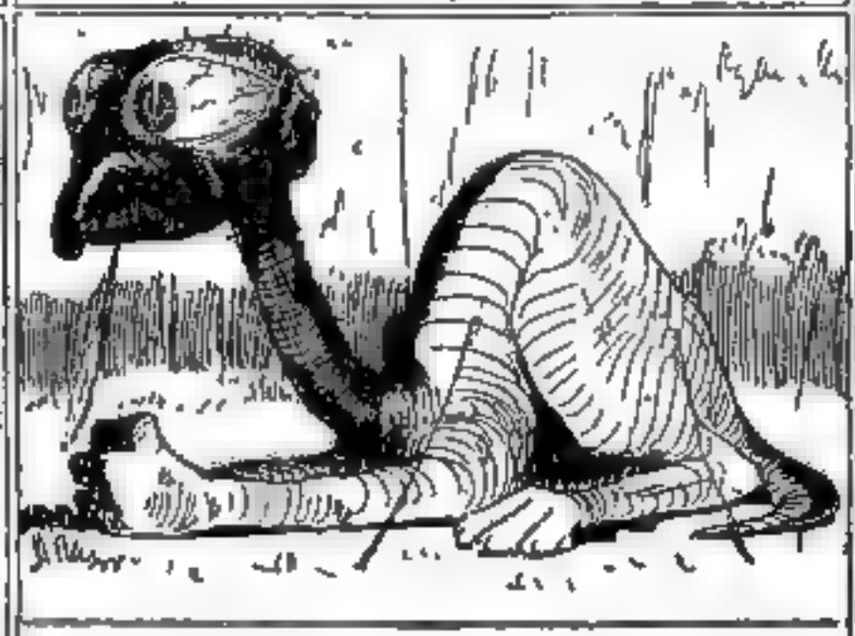
To make himself slide the Obord
Has to cover his flippers with lard.
Lacking wholly in grace, he still keeps up the pace.
But admits his amusements come hard.



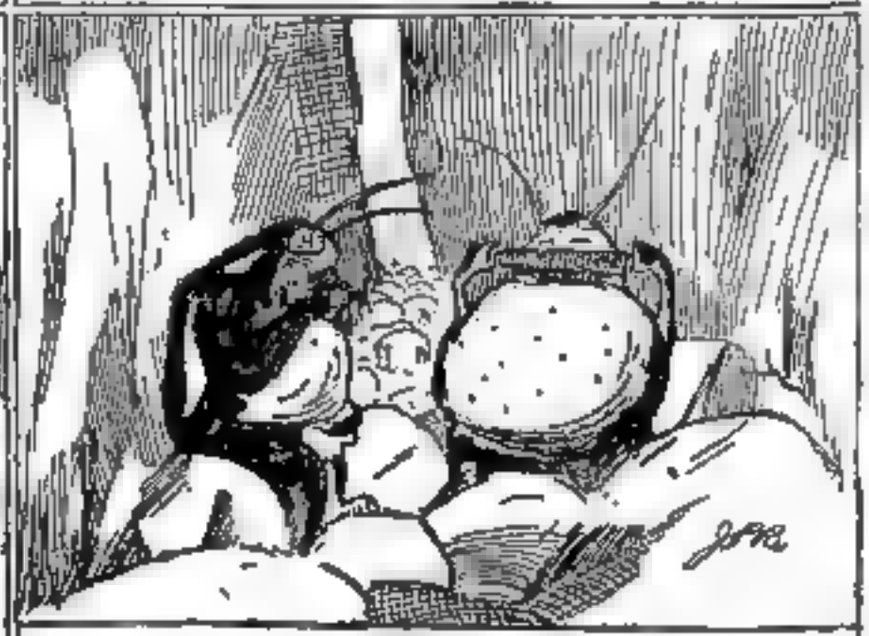
When captive the muscular Naive
Is, we fear more or less of a slave
He is strong we admit, and has wonderful grit,
But he doesn t know how to behave.



The novel imported fesold
Was cast in a very queer mould.
As their bristles of wire always drag in the mire,
They're better to have than to hold.



The Jolk on account of his size,
Is equipped with unusual eyes,
And is wonderfully clever They say that he never
Fails to do anything that he tries.



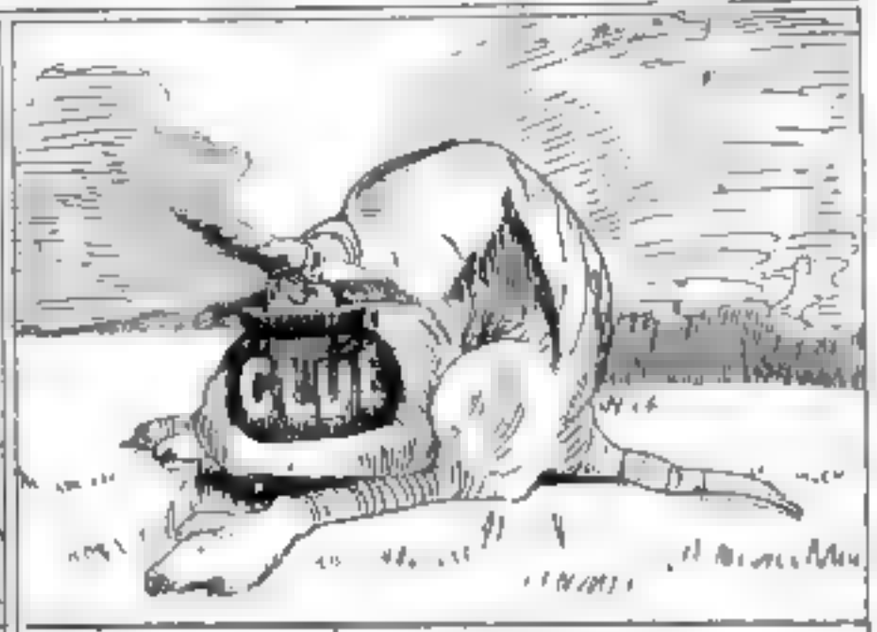
In the gorge where the Goblars reside
One can neither walk, crawl, jump or slide,
So they grow very stout, and can only get out
By stepping on those that have died.

The Woozlebeast's Thanksgiving Dinner.

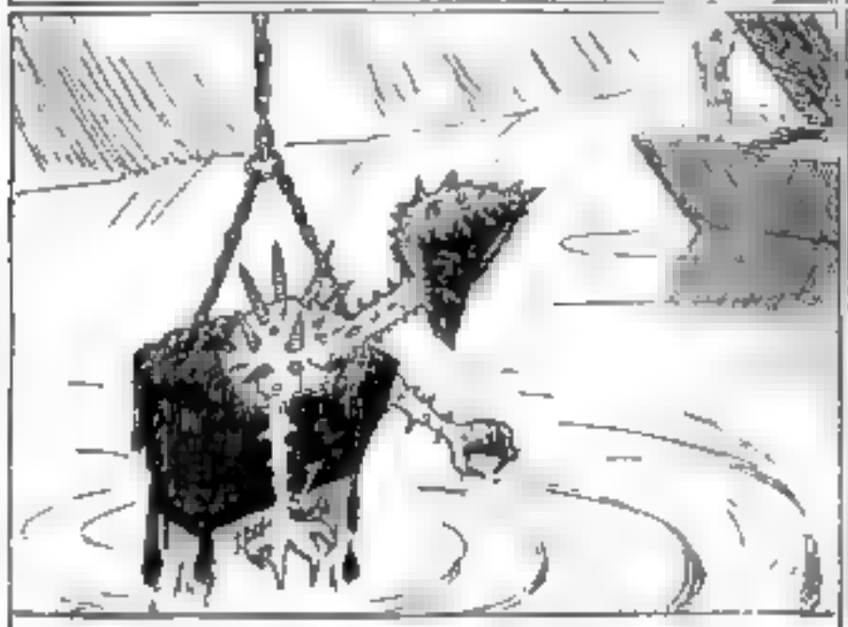
The Woozlebeasts

The lonesome unusual Kree
Is homely as homely can be
Perhaps that's why he's so painfully shy
As he roams through his bogs by the sea

The useful and valuable Kute
Likes to steal every once in a while,
So his owner (a black) puts a sign on his back
That his neighbors can read for a mile

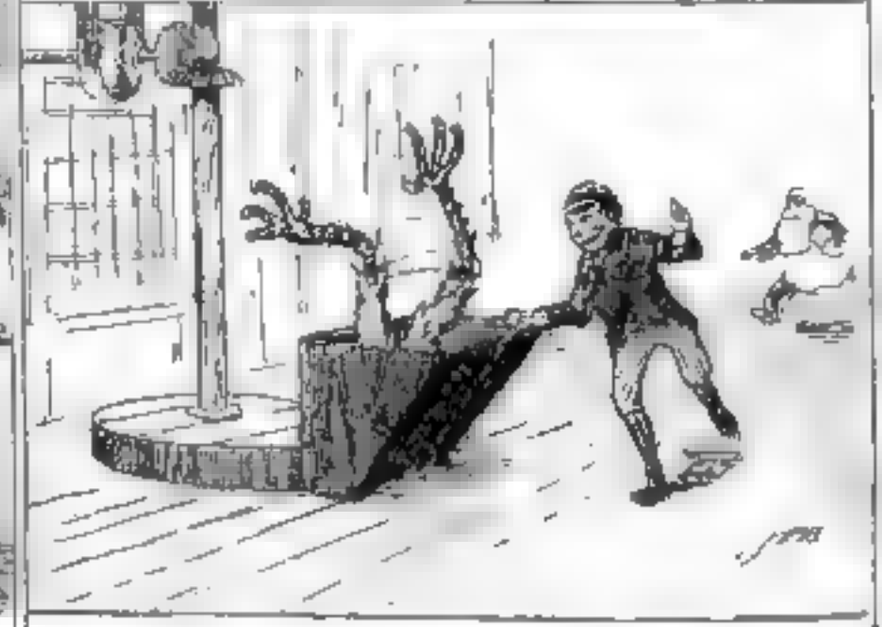


...is odd," said the garrulous Kwimi
"What a passion I have for pink paint
Sometimes, it is true, I take varnish or glue
And they call me stuck up, but I ain't"



When De Lesseps was down on the Isthmus
They dredged up a tropical Bismus.
And he sent it to France on the very small chance
That his children would like it for Christmas.

It's successful in hunting the Bemba
It's a thing you are sure to remember
They flutter in droves through the palmetto groves
From the first to the tenth of September



When the miller's boy Tam pushed the Screamy
Squarely into the hopper he slammed
It gave a loud squeal as it mixed with the meal,
And the miller ran up and said "Tam"

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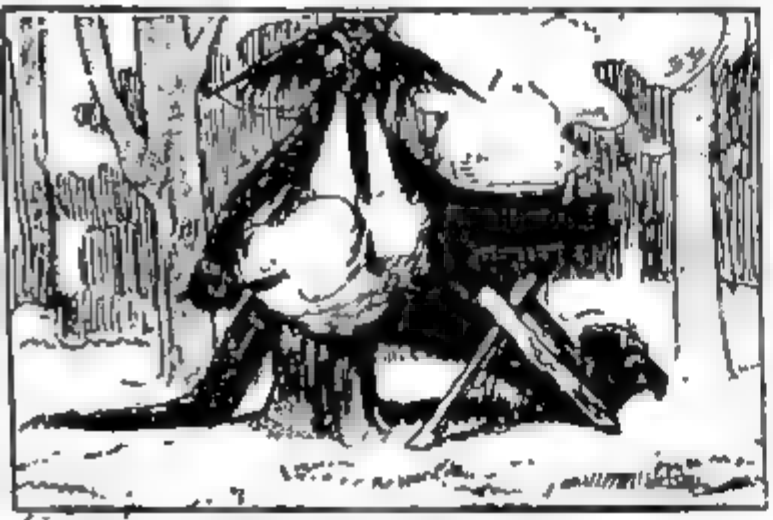
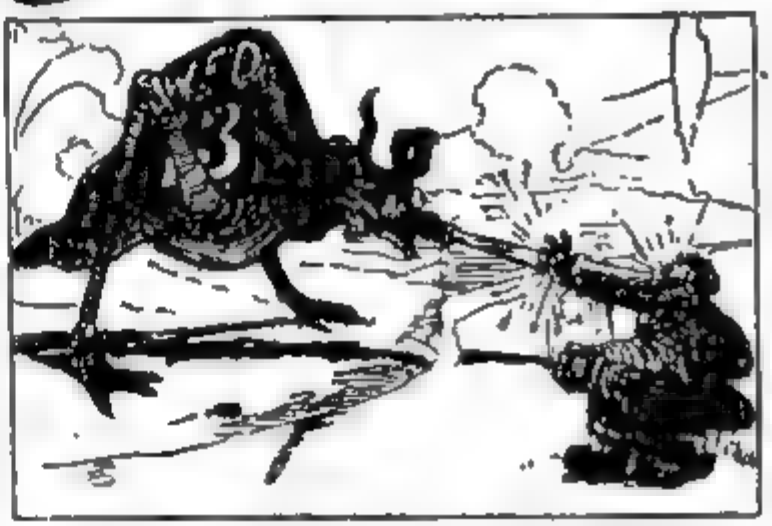
The Woozleheasts

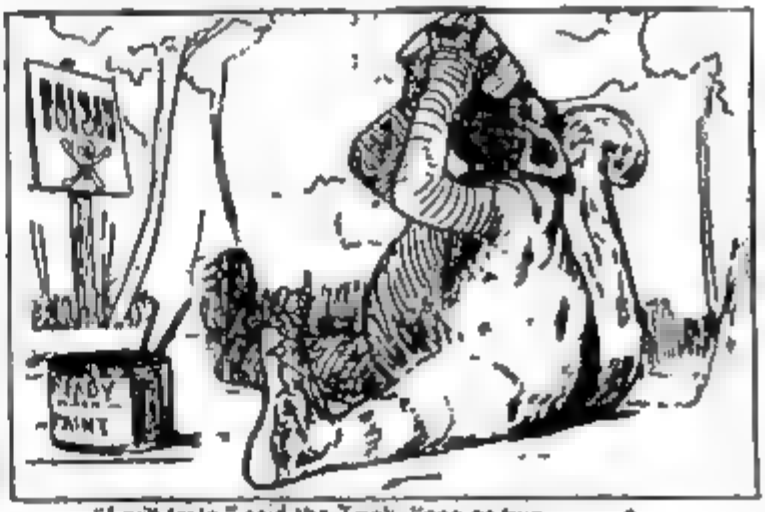


The Gant, which is forced to eat lime,
Has a courage that's simply sublime.
You'll admit it's no dream—you can see by the steam
He is having the deuce of a time.



When the tramp, waking up from his slumber,
Found himself face to face with the Bumba
He observed, "You old scamp" (he was nervy, the tramp)
"I will do you up yet, you back number."

The short, chunky, sunny faced Blue
Often beats his competitors till
The foot of the slope, when he gives up all hope,
For he makes all his speed down the hill.

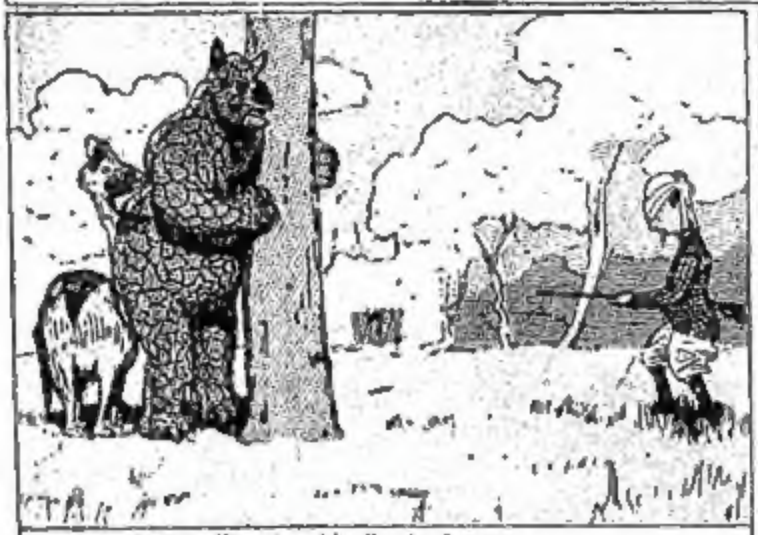


"I will taste," said the Trunk, "one or two
Just to see if the warning is true,"
At the inquest they said it was Indian red
Mixed with too much cerulean blue.

When the vessels that pass in the night
See the weird old Bazeen with his light
Then the sailormen know it is going to snow
And they button their overcoats tight

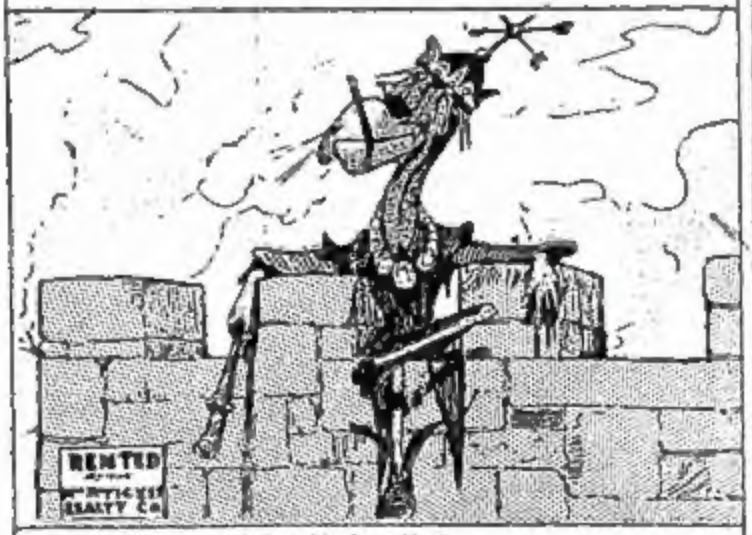
"I suppose I am getting on fine
Said the Jank as he hauled at the line.
"But using a winch for amusement is no cinch—
In vacation, small weakfish for mine."

The Woozlebeasts

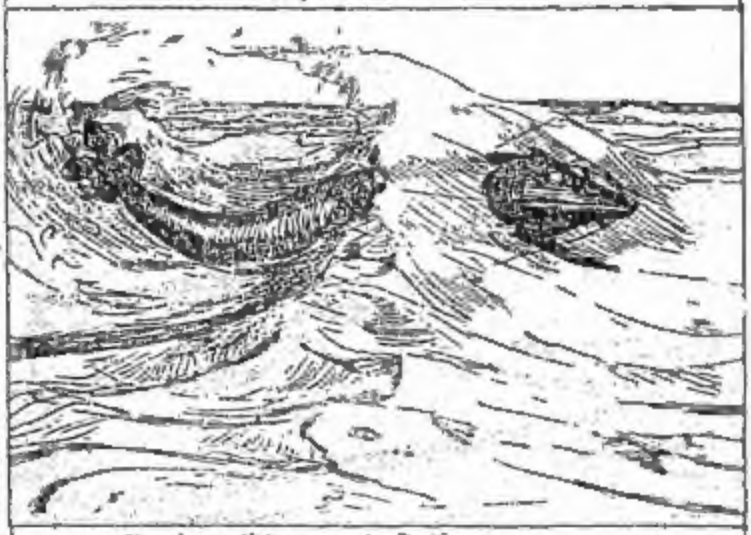


Said the Wooek to his ally, the Buntus,
"I do wish Willibot wouldn't hunt us.
I'm afraid he'll get scared and shoot off unprepared.
Then a fact, not a fake, would confront us."

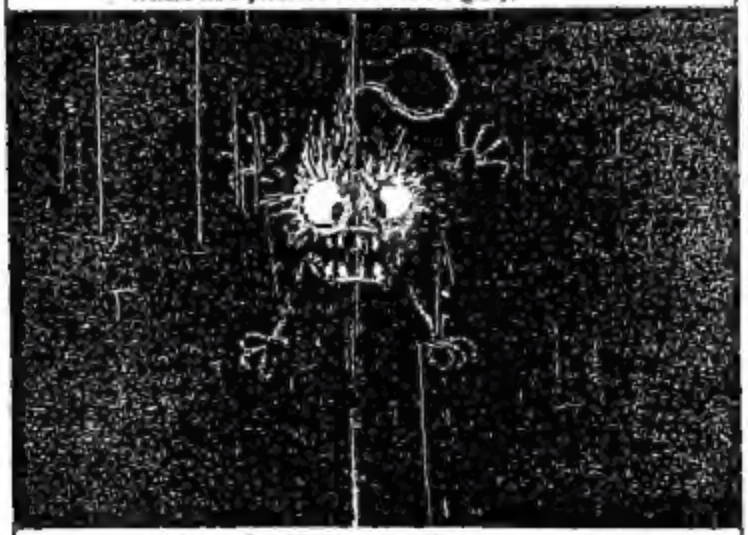
"Perhaps it is only in fun,"
Said the sweet little Ortogorun.
"But the friends of my youth call me 'Woozy,' forsooth
And tell me I'm only half done."



The truth fully told of the Kori
Reads more like a myth or a story.
On the tower he's leased sits the king Woozlebeast
Where he's pictured above in his glory.



Shooting swiftly across the Pacific,
Always wearing his smile beatific,
Goes the ninety foot Spale, with his wonderful tail,
Which revolves with a speed that's terrific.



In the tropics the nocturnal Kitely
Can never be spoken of lightly.
For, strange as it seems, he will visit your dreams,
And he really is beastly unsightly.

"It's a sort of a joy," said the Beeling,
"To think that I'm really worth stealing.
Yet when I just slew those two guys from the zoo
It gave me a glorious feeling."

THE WOOZLEBEASTS' CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

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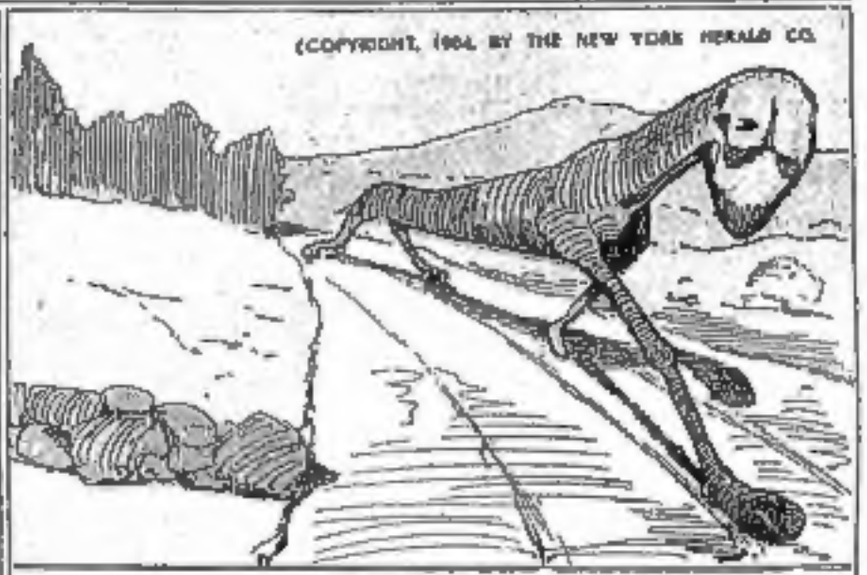
It was the good ship Woozlebeast
That sailed the wintry sea;
She carried sixteen hundred beasts
To see the Christmas tree.
Six hundred beasts were on her deck,
One thousand down below,
And they started fourteen months ahead
Because the ship was slow.
They came in boats from bronze boats,
They braved the Arctic drift;
Each Woozle risked possumsie
To carry off a gift.
The maritime contingent
Made a very handsome show,
The strong ones using power
And the feeble ones a tow.
As land drew near they raised a cheer,
'Mid wild congratulations—
Both fore and aft they shook the craft
With most absurd gyrations.
The anchors bright were fastened tight,
The cables out of reach,
And, heading east, the Woozlebeast
Went slap upon the beach.
They were not exactly sailors,
But they got there just the same,
Just proving conclusively
That luck is half the game.
They found the tree quite easily,
But they travelled home by train;
For fourteen months in the Woozlebeast
They wouldn't try again.

They say she floats, the queen of boats,
And years her stately grow
Since Belgrave and Fifth avenue—
She is a schoolship now.

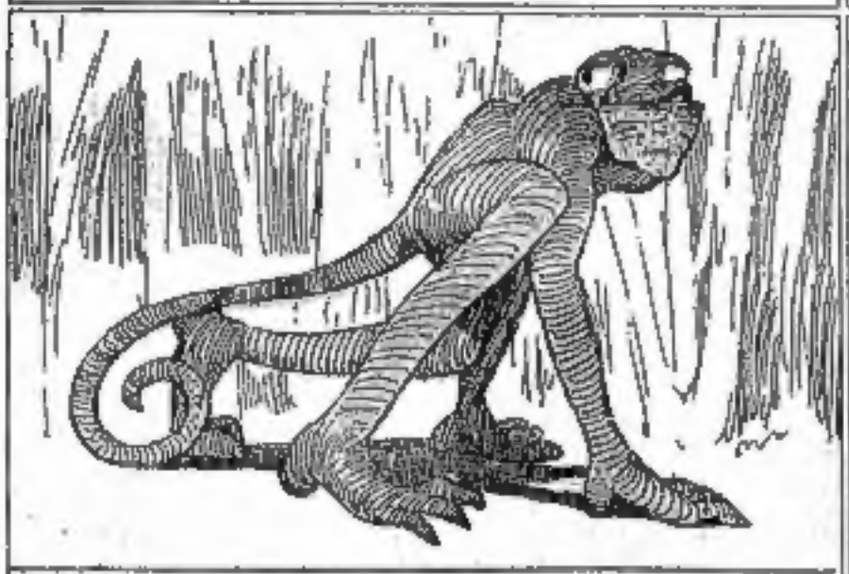
The Woozlobeasts

"Kow wow!" screams the Bawling Borou;
"Gog-a-log-chack-a-banza-Garool"
Which, freely construed, means "Come on and get chewed,
And his neighbors are cautious and few.

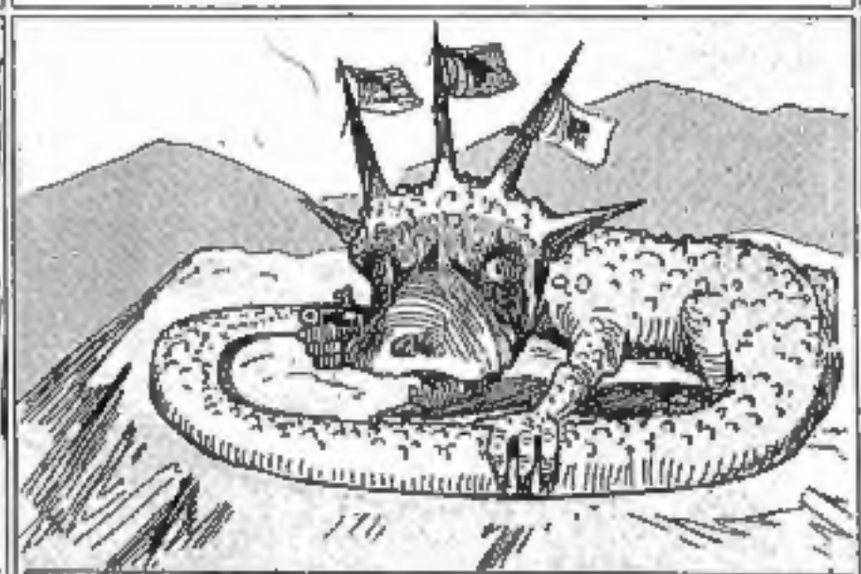
It is commonly known that the Chirk
Makes his children do all of his work.
They are cheerful and strong and they bounce him along.
But they show up their dad for a shirk.



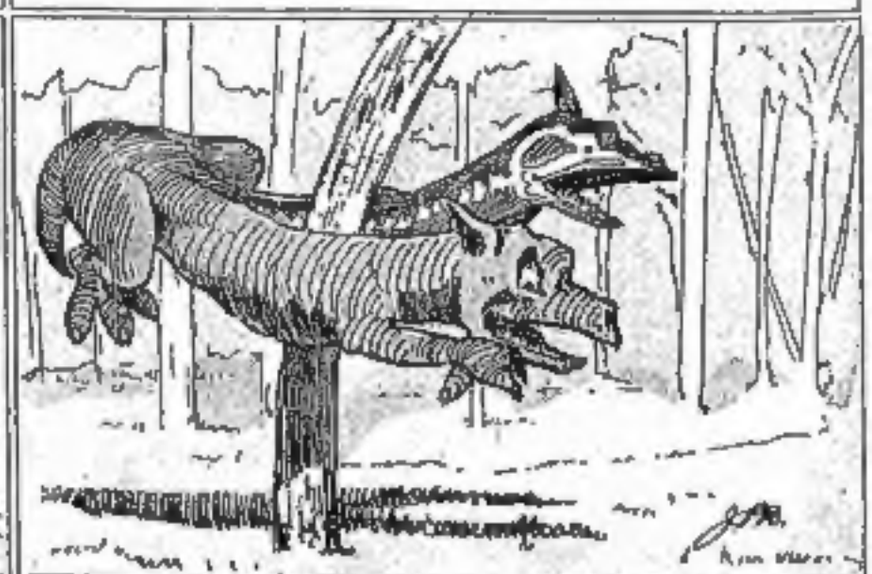
To follow the seven league Gwent
A bloodhound is not worth a cent,
For his tracks from the start are such distance apart
That they never can tell where he went.



The Tham always lisps when he speaks,
And is bashful and saucy in streaks.
His chief joy in life is to aggravate strife;
He is one of our commonest freaks.



Here's a sketch of the studious Balshon,
Who admired the Japanese nation
But bad news from the East turned the head of the beast;
Now he thinks he's a fortification.



On a wager the brittle Gobuntz
Tried to go two directions at once,
But showed by his act what we state as a fact,
That it never is safe to do stunts.

The Woozlebeasts

WHEREAS THE OLD YEAR'S PARTING, AND A HAPPY ONE IS STARTING, AND WE'VE HAD A BULLY TIME THE WHOLE YEAR THROUGH, AND WHEREAS DISAPPROBATION OF THE WOOZLEBEAST CREATION HAS NEVER BEEN EXPRESSED TO US — *THAT'S TRUE!* - RESOLVED (WE'RE BUSTERBROWN-ING) THAT AFTER ALL THIS CLOWNING WE SHOULD HAVE AN INTERMISSION, AT THE BEST— WHY — ALL THE BEASTS ARE SQUEALING, AND THEIR LEADERS HAVE A FEELING THAT THE PUBLIC IS ENTITLED TO A REST. SO — WE MAKE OUR FOND GOOD-BYES WITH TEAR-DROPS IN OUR EYES, THIS PARTING'S NOT AS JOLLY AS IT SEEMS; WHILE ADMITTING IT'S A PITY THAT SO FEW OF US ARE PRETTY, YET WE ASK TO BE REMEMBERED IN YOUR DREAMS.

THE NEW YEAR 1905

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